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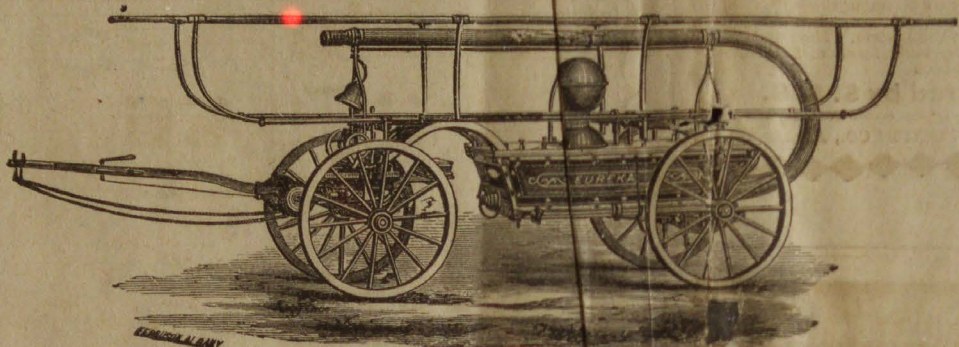
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A SKETCH OF THE OLD HAND ENGINES OF SOUTH DANVERS, BY A VETERAN OF THE OLD HAND DEPARTMENT.



When steam fire engines became a necessity to every progressive community, and with the high pressure water service caused the disbandment of the old engine companies, and the sale of the old machines, few persons imagined that the old interest in the hand tubs would ever be revived again, and that the rivalries, jealousies, prejudices and hatreds so long buried and apparently consigned to oblivion would be stirred into life again, and flame up with old time vigor. To be sure the present veteran movement had its origin in a spirit of fun and diversion amongst the old time firemen, and is in accord with that inherent spirit of comradeship which impels men who have toiled or fought together in a common cause, to meet and talk over old times and old achievements. Nevertheless the spirit engendered by this movement is as deep and as genuine, as when the rival companies met at a fire thirty or forty years ago, and the first on the field sought the chance to put their "butt" into the tub of a hated rival. If the machines were of different make the rivalry was intensified, and the desire for revenge or glory more vehement. It may appear singular that staid old citizens, grandfathers, solid men of affairs should be moved to take interest in such apparent trivialities, but after all sentiment rules the world, and once a fireman always a fireman; the older the more ardent.

Forty-five years ago there were eight hand engines in the towns of South Danvers and Danvers. The towns were more nearly equal in population and business than at the present time. There was a good deal of jealousy between the two places, and each was bound to have her full requirements in all matters of public improvement. Both places got high schools together in 1850, and in 1855 the newly erected town house in Danvers was an exact duplicate of the one in South Danvers of the same date.

Torrent No. 3 was located on Central street, or the lane, as it was called, just in front of its present position. Eagle 5 was housed on Main street, just about the site of Nugent's shoe store, near G. A. R. hall. Gen. Foster No. 7 was located on the Square, between Hutchinson's grocery store and the Press Office, and the house of Volunteer 8 stood in front of Nathaniel Annable's blacksmith shop, near the corner of Grove street.

Old Niagara, the pioneer engine, was still in existence and was taken out for fun occasionally, but as it had to be filled with buckets its day had gone by. There were several fire engines in those days that had no power of draughting water and were only useful at a fire in taking water from another machine. The old Sutton, down in the hollow, was of this class. She was a double decker, built by Agnew of Philadelphia, and the Exchange and Constitution of Salem were of the same pattern. These engines, with their triple tiers of men, presented a formidable appearance, but they were about as big as line of battle ships and a clumsy.

The Torrent was built by Hunneman of Roxbury nearly 50 years ago, and despite her long years of service, neglect and hard usage, is good today for a long squirt, and a formidable rival of the fanciest machine of modern make. Her cylinders are 5 1-2 inches in diameter and 16 inches in length. This long stroke gives her a peculiar power of throwing a slight jet of water an unexpected distance, and has been the means of winning many a prize. The men who manned the brakes on the Torrent lived right around the neighborhood, and nearly all of them were farmers and cultivated the famous Danvers onion. Some, too, were potter, but every man lived in the house which his father had built and could trace his descent to the first settlers. They were not particularly stylish firemen, but they always got there, and in

quick time, too. Philip Osborn was captain for a good many years, and a good one he was. There were always Bushbys, Buxtons and Osborns on the list. A famous pipeman was Big Ben Stevens; seven feet high, he appeared, and broad in proportion. The pipe he used was as huge as himself, and on a summer evening, when the lanes were hauled down their little tub to have a try at the South Church spire, the towering form of Ben was seen above all the crowd, as waiting for the water to come, he pointed his great pipe upward, and seemed to lift the steam as it rose to the top of the steeple. Nearly all the playing was perpendicular to those days, and in the great muster at Manchester, N. H., in '59 or '60, where fifty engines contested, the judges were perched up in the steeple of a near-by church, in order to form a more exact judgment of the height of the streams. Perpendicular steam cannot be measured as accurately as horizontal ones, and they are much more severe on an engine and crew. As the playing in Manchester was through 400 feet of hose and a small pipe, it is easy to conceive what pressure had to be maintained. There were engines of repute from all over New England at this muster, but the first prize was taken by a little counting tub from Winchendon. The big double decker, the Yale of South Reading, got second money. None of the engines from our town were present at this great contest, but a large delegation of the Volunteers were there as guests of the Agiles of Newburyport and Eagle 3 company of Bangor.

The location of the Torrent, in the midst of population, mainly farmers, removed from factories, and apart from the busy centre, was the means of keeping the company in service long after the introduction of steamers and high service. Then there was also an intense local pride in the little tub and her achievements. She had been taken to musters and had competed successfully with the crack machines of other towns and had won from more pretentious adversaries—money and trumpets—and glory.

But her day had come; new conditions had arisen. A water supply, whose power is only equalled by its richness, and whose beneficent effects exceed all its other qualities, extended to the people a security so boundless and a safety so palpable that all doubts were dispelled and all opposition vanished. The Torrents disband and a hose company was put into the old house. That gruesome carving, the embodiment of a medieval imagination remained over the entrance and hangs there today. The old engine was finally sold, and had apparently gone into oblivion. Years elapsed, and one

day it was made known that the old Torrent was for sale by her owners. Time had come around, and the Veterans, Buxtons and Osborns were banding together for old association sake, and so list. A famous pipeman was Big Ben Stevens; seven feet high, he appeared, and broad in proportion. The pipe he used was as huge as himself, and on a summer evening, when the lanes were hauled down their little tub to have a try at the South Church spire, the towering form of Ben was seen above all the crowd, as waiting for the water to come, he pointed his great pipe upward, and seemed to lift the steam as it rose to the top of the steeple. Nearly all the playing was perpendicular to those days, and in the great muster at Manchester, N. H., in '59 or '60, where fifty engines contested, the judges were perched up in the steeple of a near-by church, in order to form a more exact judgment of the height of the streams. Perpendicular steam cannot be measured as accurately as horizontal ones, and they are much more severe on an engine and crew. As the playing in Manchester was through 400 feet of hose and a small pipe, it is easy to conceive what pressure had to be maintained. There were engines of repute from all over New England at this muster, but the first prize was taken by a little counting tub from Winchendon. The big double decker, the Yale of South Reading, got second money. None of the engines from our town were present at this great contest, but a large delegation of the Volunteers were there as guests of the Agiles of Newburyport and Eagle 3 company of Bangor.

In front of the Eagle house on Main street was a stout pole surmounted by a bladed eagle. George Flint kept a shoe shop on one side of the house and Thomas Trask lived on the other side. Where the Institute now stands was a little building, which had a private school on the lower floor and a semi-aristocratic club room up stairs. Across the street, between the homes of Dr. Osgood and Eben Sutton, were two or three houses and a shallow court.

The first Eagle was rather a funny machine. It worked with a queer push and pull motion,—that is, horizontal, instead of the usual perpendicular or up and down action of the brakes. This, to be sure, was a novelty, but it was not a success. Edward Leslie of Newburyport was the maker of the machine, and he had made several improvements. In due time she came back entirely changed in character and appearance, and she proved a very powerful engine, requiring a tremendous crew for active playing. For passing a large volume of water through an open butt or a large size pipe, the Eagle had few superiors. Wm. S. Osborne, Wm. F. Sumner and John H. Tibbets were the most noted of her captains, and under their command the engine sustained her reputation, and did good service. The Eagles and Volunteers met at fires, which somehow were pretty frequent in those days, and a fierce rivalry grew up between the two companies. This intensified to such a degree that a challenge to a public trial was given and accepted. The contest took place on Washington street and the conditions were—that the first engine should draught water from the cistern at the monument, play through 400 feet of hose open butt into the tub of the other, and that one should then pass the water through same length of hose and same conditions.

The Eagle drew first position, dropped her suction into the cistern, the hose was laid by both contestants and the pistol was fired. The two companies worked like demons, encouraged by the shouts of their partisans, but in a few minutes the great battle was over, for the water commenced to pour over the stern of the Volunteer. The hosemen of the Eagle had held their but in such a manner that the water foamed across the water ways of the Volunteer, and thereby interfered with effective discharge of the same by the pumps. A violent commotion arose, the contest was stopped and a charge of foul play was raised. The Eagle had out-generaled the Volunteers, but the question of superiority remained unsettled. The direful results of this unsatisfactory trial were deep and lasting. The partisans of each company were strong and vengeful, and a rancorous enmity was engendered perfectly inconceivable at the present time. As all the fire companies then numbered from sixty to eighty members, exclusive of volunteers, it will be seen how far the strife could extend in a small community. It is well to understand also that the Volunteer was the old engine, not the one that we all know—that is coming here next Monday, but a machine in every respect inferior. There is nothing now left of the Eagle but old memories, for after the final disbandment, "her after

fate remains untold in martial strain," and it is only when chance brings a few old timers together that the scenes and actors are brought upon the stage, and comrades of youthful days take shape and live again.

The Gen. Foster was housed on Lowell street, near the Press Office, and was also a Leslie machine. Her company at that time was made up mainly of rising young business men, or the sons of the old tanners and curriers of Foster and Central streets. Dana Woodbury and Reuben Nelson were two of the best known captains. The company was a very lively and a very hospitable one. They had plenty of money, a nice uniform and they all looked well. The Dodges, Harris's, Proctors and Nelsons were amongst the leading spirits of the old Foster crew. They cared little for record playing, but they were prompt to the call of duty, and very active in getting to a fire. When they went to a muster, it was more for fun than glory, and if any accident happened through liveliness, it was promptly and satisfactorily adjusted and settled on the spot.

When the fire districts were changed the Foster was moved to the corner of Washington and Mason streets and a new company with new officers took charge of the machine. H. A. Besse, Robert B. Bancroft and others now dead and gone were elected in succession to command, and the engine performed good service until the final disbandment of the company. She was finally disposed of to a country town, and has here this probably suffered the fate of the famous one horse shay.

The advent of the Volunteer was somewhat peculiar. The machine, as well as the subsequent one of the same name, was built by L. Burton & Co., of Waterford, N. Y., and the new Salem tub is the product of the same builders and is practically of the same pattern and size as the present Volunteer of Central Falls, R. I.

The old Volunteer was built for the people of Roxbury, but in her first trial it was claimed that in some requirements she was not up to contract, so she was sold by the builder to Gen. Sutton, who presented her to this town, to be used by the company then located at the corner of Main and Grove street for fire purposes. The company who had been using the old Niagara, finally accepted the gift, and new members were attracted by the strange machine. She was an innovation on anything seen in these parts, for she was a side stroke engine. All the Hunneman, Leslie, Howard & Davis, and tubs of those patterns draft on the side and play from the opposite side. They have folding brakes which swing out when ready to play, and their cylinders or pumps are narrow and very long. The side stroke engine, on the other hand, draughts from the end, or stern and discharges through the front of the tub. Her brakes are always ready for action by just pulling them down in place and her cylinders are wide and short. Thus the cylinders of the new Salem machine are 10 inches in diameter and 7 1-2 inches in length. Those of the Torrent are 5 1-2 inches in diameter and 16 inches in length. This gives the two an entirely different stroke, one short and quick, the other long and slow. The Washington, owned by the Unions, is a side stroke, built by Jeffers of Pawtucket, but it has a somewhat longer action than the Salem's. In addition to the (Continued on 4th Page.)



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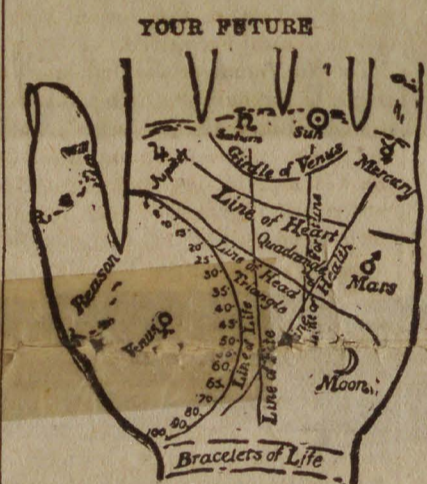
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Send Back My Letters.
SONG AND CHORUS.
Words and Music by J. P. SKELLY.

Indante.

1. With-in her cham-ber
2. In youth their vows were
3. In old-en days of

lone-ly A maid en sat in thought; With pen-sive sighs and vain re-grets Her
plight-ed, She claimed him for her own; From childhood's play-ing day by day, Their
glad-ness, Her let- ters fond-ly told The love that bloomed with-in her heart, She

ten-der heart was wrought. She wrote a let-ter to her Ned, The one she loved so
guile-less love had grown. But some one breath'd inconstancy In-to the sweetheart's
thought 'twould ne'er grow cold. She clung to him with trusting heart, And begged him come a-

dear, And this is what she penn'd to him, With many a bit-ter tear:
ear-She on-ly sigh'd and call'd to him In tone so sad and drear:
gain; But now that he is false to her, This is her sad re-frain:

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The Grip
or Influenza is a preventable disease, and curable too. That depends on the medicine used. It is an absolute fact that the Grip may be
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Allen's Sarsaparilla a staple remedy, endorsed and recommended by physicians, druggists and the people. Under its magical influence Grip symptoms disappear rapidly.
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THE POT CALLED THE KETTLE BLACK BECAUSE THE HOUSEWIFE DIDN'T USE

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When, two years ago, the Boston Weekly Journal presented to new as well as old-time patrons its claims, in view of the change from the folio to the quarto form—from a paper of four pages and thirty-six columns to one of eight pages and fifty-six columns—the prospects were announced as most promising; and now that it comes again, after a second year that more than realized the expectations, it has warrant for giving still greater promise for the year to come.

DEVELOPED FEATURES.

The features of the past year, including those of varied and attractive illustrations, fine typographical appearance, good classification and comprehensive presentation of local and general news, will be continued and as much as possible still further developed and diversified.

ATTRACTIONS FOR THE HOME CIRCLE.

The paper will be maintained in the future, as in the past, on a plane of pure morals and correct taste, that makes it an ideal one to enter the home circle. One of the most attractive elements in this direction will be the continuation of new and original contributions by authors of established reputation, worthy of general reading for their literary value, as well as their enlivening social and educational interest.

POLITICAL STABILITY.

The coming year bids fair to be one of marked political interest to the nation in view of pending issues, and the Journal can be relied on to show the stability of character and the sterling adherence to Republican principles that have actuated its course in the past.

EVIDENCES OF APPRECIATION.

On all sides during the year now over, and in a constantly increasing degree of enthusiasm, notes of appreciation of the Journal for its new and progressive methods have appeared, but the most substantial have been those embodied in new subscriptions and enlarged sales and advertising.

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In view of added value in character, variety, and amount of matter given with the Weekly Journal, our readers will doubtless join in our gratification at the announcement that there will be no increase of the price, so that a paper which was regarded as remarkably moderate in price when consisting of only four pages will be found much more so now, when the number of pages has been doubled.

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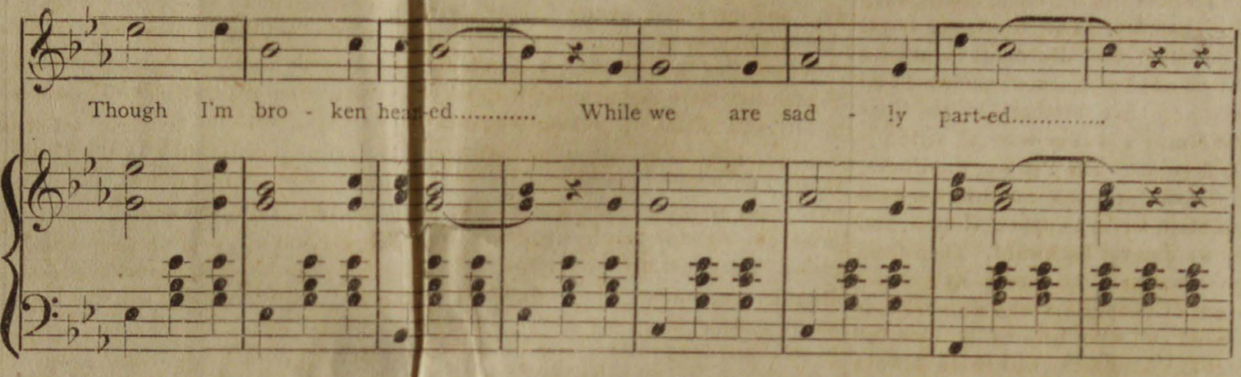
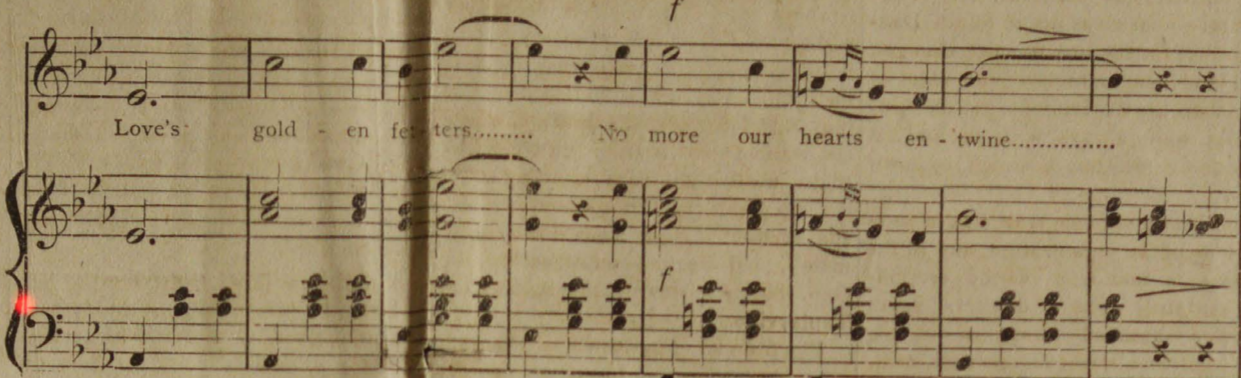
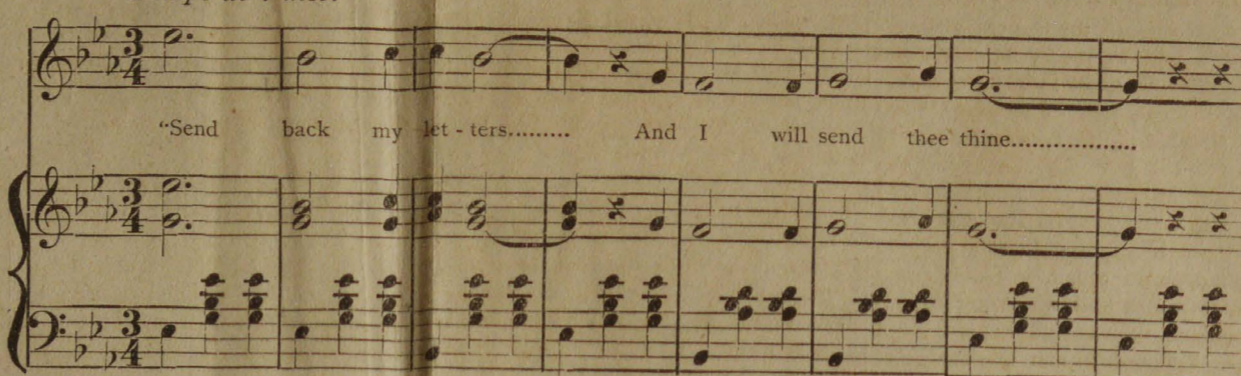
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GREASE
BEST IN THE WORLD.
Its wearing qualities are unsurpassed, actually
outlasting two boxes of any other brand. Not
affected by heat. GET THE GENUINE.
FOR SALE BY DEALERS GENERALLY. 199

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THE GREAT DISCOVERY
FOR THE
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Treatment at home at a very low price, within the reach of all. Those addicted to drink, or their friends, should investigate this great discovery. Homes are made pleasant. Permanent Cure. Safe.

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Positively all appetite for liquor leaves the patient in a few days after beginning the treatment.

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LAKEPORT, N. H., April 22, 1894.
Gentlemen: I have tried your treatment and it effected a permanent cure, and after drinking liquor for some twenty years, I have not the least appetite for alcohol in any shape. It is sure to cure, and I would advise all addicted to the curse to give it a trial as it will surely do its work well. Its low price, real merit and opportunity of being cured at home is a great help to anyone who wishes to be a man. W. B. SWANN,
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The Home Treatment.

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The undersigned has removed his

Livery Business

From the old hotel stable on Mill

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Shacklev Stale

Corner of Foster and Summer streets.

Entrance on Summer street.

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Summer Time-Table, July 1, 1894.

Leave Boston for Lynn and Winthrop at 7:05, 7:35, 8:05, 8:35, 9:05, 9:35, 10:05, 10:35, 11:05, 11:35 A. M., 12:05, 12:35, 1:05, 1:35, 2:05, 2:35, 3:05, 3:35, 4:05, 4:35, 5:05, 5:35, 6:05, 6:35, 7:05, 7:35, 8:05, 8:35, 9:30, 10:30 and 11:30 P. M.

Leave Lynn for Boston at 6:10, 7:30, 8:30, 9:30, 10:30, 11:30 A. M., 12 M., 12:30, 1:30, 2:30, 3:30, 4:30, 5:30, 6:30, 7:30, 8:30, 9:30 and 10:50 P. M.

SUNDAY TRAINS.

Leave Boston for Lynn and Winthrop at 9:30, 10:30, 11:30 A. M., 12 M., 12:30, 1:30, 2:30, 3:30, 4:30, 5:30, 6:30, 7:30, 8:30, 9:30 and 10:30 P. M.

Leave Lynn for Boston at 8:45, 9:30, 10:30, 11:30 A. M., 12 M., 12:30, 1:30, 2:30, 3:30, 4:30, 5:30, 6:30, 7:30, 8:30, 9:30 and 10:50 P. M.

H. L. HOYT, JOHN A. FENNO,
G. T. A. Supt.
Boston, July 1, 1894.

A CONUNDRUM.—Will Peabody support a

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You have a chance to do it. Every description of upholstery work repaired. Old mattresses made as good as new and new mattresses of all kinds made to order of the best materials. Carpets made up and laid; carpets relaid. Shades and drapery furnished in every style. Drop me a postal card and I will call with a good line of samples, and give estimates of best of work.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT
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PEABODY PRESS CO., PUBLISHERS.
F. G. PRESTON, Editor.
TERMS:
\$2.00 per year; \$1.00 for six months;
50 cents for three months.
SATURDAY, SEPT. 1, 1894.

SOME OF the County editors are trying to create an artificial sentiment in favor of County Commissioner Bishop, by putting out the statement that Commissioners Danforth and Smith are unqualified for conducting the business of the Board without Bishop to steer them. This not only is not true, but it is an insult to the former, at least, who has had two years experience in the affairs of the Board, and even so far as Mr. Smith is concerned, is a reflection upon his judgment and general ability.

It took somebody a good while to learn the art of throwing dust in the eyes of the people, but that art has now been acquired and transmitted to the new members as a sort of introductory ceremonial when they assumed the duties of the office. There are many monstrosities that have already been exposed in the near past, that led to the movement of reorganization by the people, and there are some methods not already touched upon that would form fruitful sources of inquiry. The customs of the Board, that have been in vogue for years, need changing, and there is no one so well qualified to introduce a change as a new, live man.

New blood will result in benefit to the public in many ways, and the people should not be bluffed or humbugged into inaction by any cry of incompetence. It is not so long ago these same editors were sounding a similar alarm at the prospect of removal of Col. Raymond. They would have had the people believe the sun would stop in its course if the Colonel were removed, but he was removed, and things went right along, and nobody dreamed that the guiding spirit of the Board had been taken from the council board.

Let us have a new man and a good one and take the chances. The remaining members are not infants nor imbeciles. They have knowledge and experience enough to go alone.

THE "AGAMAS" the unspoken protest of President Cleveland. There is not enough free trade in it for him, but it is the nearest approach to it that he will ever live to see. The wheel of misfortune will not drop the democrats into power again for many years.

The President might have stuck to his point against the sugar trust schedule, but the middle course he adopted, while it must be rather humiliating to his imperious will, is on the whole, the best for the country. A nearer approach to prosperity can be reached under a semi free trade bill than under the chaotic conditions that have existed for the past year.

The Peabody Press' recommendation for Hon. B. F. Southwick as a councillor, is that Peabody has not had a county office for 30 years. Very good; if the locality plea is Mr. Southwick's stronghold how does it sound to put forth the fact that Newbury never had a councillor? If locality is argument then Mr. Dame of Newbury is the man who merits support. —[Newburyport News.]

That is all very true, but Mr. Dame is a Newburyport business man and is really Newburyport's candidate, and that city has had a Councillor within the memory of people now living.

THE PEABODY PRESS thinks it would not be unfair to have a man from that section of the county chosen county treasurer. The assurance of the Press is simply overpowering. —[Haverhill Gazette.]

No brother, it is not our assurance but the fear of a change that has overpowered you.

WE RECEIVED a call this week from Hon. Samuel L. Sawyer, who was in town looking after his fences. He freely admitted that Peabody was solid for B. F. Southwick, but outside of this town thought his chances about even and was very hopeful.

SENATOR GORMAN has won a great battle and now his physicians have ordered him to Europe to recuperate. It would have been well if Congress had gone in a body, a year ago.

State Library to be Moved.

The new state library in the State House extension will probably be ready for occupancy early in October, at least, the State House Commissioners have informed Librarian Tillinghast that they hope to have the new quarters ready by that time. The work of removing the 80,000 volumes to the new building and arranging them on the shelves will be no light task, and the work will be made more difficult if carried on during the cold weather.

(Continued from 1st Page.)

gift of the engine, the General also presented a bell to the Volunteer company. This is the bell that now hangs in the turret of the hose house on Pierpont street, and it has something of a history. It is said to be a convent bell from the valley of Mexico; it is covered with Latin inscriptions and it has a very peculiar tone. It was used on the old depot in Salem at the opening of the railroad, and was rung to announce the arrival and departure of trains. Corporal Pitman had charge of the ringing of the bell. He was a noted character in those days and performed his duties with a pompous unctious that was delicious. Now, the General's house was not in South Danvers then, for the line was not changed until later, and he himself was chief of the Salem fire department, yet his sympathies were always with us, and his munificence was not bounded by town lines.

The Volunteer company was always a cosmopolitan organization, and in the ranks were men from various sections of a curiously located district. South Danvers extended down to the big tree on Boston street on one side, while the west side up to the brook, near Gen. Sutton's wool shop, was a part of Salem. From Boston street, therefore, came a gang of young firemen that had few superiors for activity, intelligence and reliability. The Converse boys, Joe Dodge, the Burdings and the Swaseys were conspicuous among them. There were five brothers in the Converse family and they were all enthusiastic firemen. The Peirces, the Prices, the Trasks and the Southwicks lived from Main street to upper Holden, and they were never backward. Then from Dublin was sent out a very lively contingent of youngsters who were always on hand and who became in time full fledged Volunteers and were always eager partisans. Amongst these were the Andrews brothers, the Gilberts, and also the Carroll boys.

With such an aggregation, requiring only the right kind of a leading spirit, the company could not help being prompt, active and efficient. They were fortunate in their captains, and on many occasions were led to glory and victory under the lead of Stephen Osborn, Joseph Hildreth, D. S. Littlefield and George C. Peirce. Under Capt. Pierce the company thrived and flourished. He was a man of great fire control of his men and he had many of the qualities which captivate a crowd and make a successful leader.

In 1854 the new Volunteer arrived and the old one returned to its generous donor. It was tested in the severest manner, pronounced satisfactory, and shortly after the company moved to their new house on Pierpont street. There was a tower in this house for drying hose, the first in this section, and a fine cistern in the cellar, from which water could be drawn by the engine without leaving the house. The hall overhead was elegantly fitted up, and the building and appointments were in advance of the times.

Great pride was taken in the engine, in the house and in the organization. Discipline was very strict and drills were frequent. When Geo. C. Peirce was on top of the machine, not a word was heard but the short, sharp note of command. The reputation of the company extended far and near, and visitors from afar were hospitably entertained. Liquor was kept out of sight, and cards and gambling tabooed. But few companies had sweeter singers, better story tellers or handier boxers.

It is safe to say that the Volunteer company performed a greater amount of fire duty than any organization in this portion of the state. Situated close to the Salem line, it was the custom to respond to every alarm from that city. The corner of Aborn street was considered the bounds, and if an engineer did not order them back, the boys were in full swing for the fire. Consequently many of the deeds which they deem glorious were performed under the eyes and for the benefit of their neighbors. They like to tell of the mansion house fire, where they worked all night and saved a building at the corner of St. Peter and Church streets, the only one left standing in the morning, of the fire one Sunday night near the North bridge, where stationed in line, they sucked one engine and washed another, of the fire in Pine street, one noon time, where they ran down without a horse, and almost in the heart of Salem, got on second water.

The old boys still recall with pride

that summer afternoon, when on the invitation of the old Naumkeag's, whose house sat where the new court house stands, they marched down with their engine to try a stream on the spire of the Tabernacle Church. One hundred and eighty feet, there it stood, hitherto an insurmountable barrier to the daring ambition of the aspiring fire laddies. The brakes were manned, the stream mounted to the roof, ascended to the belfry, still upward, and when it flashed clear over the gilded vane, what a cheer went up from the crowd. And then the supper and the speeches and the songs and the sentiments—how fine they were, and to think it all happened thirty-five years ago.

There were many other occasions where the Volunteer was conspicuous both here and in other towns, the Taylor's mill fires, the Goodrich fires, the burning of Southwick's tannery, where she worked steadily from ten o'clock at night, until eight next morning and a fire up near the Collins house, where she draughted water away down in the marsh, and washed outrageously the Gen. Scott, a smart little engine from Tapleville.

The firemen of our town have always responded with alacrity to the cry for help. Even Boston has sought our aid, and promptly received it. Whether it is good luck or good management, or both, we have as a rule controlled our fires and quenched them. Let us pray that it will always be so.

When the first steamers came to Salem they were looked upon with suspicion and disfavor. Steam would do well to turn mills, and propel locomotives, but none of their steamers could ever pass water or put out a fire like a good old machine manned with a stout crew. They derided the idea, as the English parliament did George Stephenson and the first locomotive. Indeed it was not long before the Volunteers took the part of the "Coo" in a little drama. One Saturday there was an alarm from Salem, and the fire proved to be in Lynn street. The boys drew out of the Morocco shops pulling on their clothes as they went, and a quick run brought them on the scene. The big steamer Wm. Chase laid out a line of hose and could not reach, so the Volunteer cheerfully took her but and played through two lengths of hose to the fire. For twenty-five minutes the unequal contest was kept up, and there was a flood and steam triumphed. It broke the heart of the boys, and they exertions. The writer, who was in command on that occasion, soundly berated the suction hose men for allowing the steamer to play across their water ways. It was a poor excuse; but it went.

The Volunteer remained in service for many years after the scenes here noted, and always sustained her reputation. It was her good fortune to be well manned and well officered, and amongst her captains of repute was Nathan H. Poor who holds the same position in the Unions today.

The old engine has fallen into worthy hands. In the ten years of her sojourn at Central Falls, she has won eight prizes, and she is sure to acquire herself with credit on every occasion. She will be at Centennial grove next Monday, and probably visit her old home. Boys give her a welcome—she is worthy of it. No modern machine made for prize winning with paint and gilding untarnished by time and hard knocks, can call up old memories or share in the glorious traditions which centre around her career. The crew that manned her brakes in the 50's are nearly all gone. The bones of many of them are laid from the Shenandoah to the Mississippi. Brave Bill Andrews fell at Cedar mountain, his brother Bob sleeps beneath the soil of Georgia. Rufus Leavitt and Will Swasey were killed at Chantilly, Shove and Shepard at the Wilderness and Spotsylvania, and young Joe Dodge lies outside the crumbling bastions of Fort Hudson. These few names are mentioned to show how ready were the firemen to respond to their country's call, and that patriotism and duty were synonymous in their minds.

Comrades: this little sketch, imperfect and loosely drawn is offered to you in the kindest spirit. There is no attempt to revive animosities, or to belittle the work and the deeds of any man or men. What is written here is of events and scenes best known to the writer. To most of them he was an eye witness, in many a participant. There is a brotherhood of veterans who have no written by-laws, who are not circumscribed by the edict of league or

council, and in whose hearts only friendship reigns. To these he offers the one and only toast of that Boniface which we knew so well. "Boys: here's to the times we have had; you can't rub them out."

T. C.

ESSEX COUNTY.

The Boston & Maine railroad have temporarily hired accommodations for three blacksmiths and machinists in Paul B. Patten's shop at Salem, and have also put some of their men in the Bridge street shops until the matter of rebuilding the burned shops is settled.

Col. John P. Sweeney of Lawrence has been confirmed as Post Master.

M. C. Decker, who is 50 years of age and who keeps a shooting gallery in Gloucester, is under arrest, charged with abducting and trying to marry Mary, the 13-year-old daughter of William McNeil. Decker came here from Maine. Friends of the girl think she is mesmerized.

A Lynn party while driving through Beverly Farms, Sunday, collided with a team driven by Albert Fish, coachman for ex-Mayor John Raymond of Salem. Fish dislocated his left arm and shoulder, and Charles Smith, who was in the carriage with him, received a bad cut on the arm. The Lynn party kept on the road to Manchester without being how bad the accident was.

Lynn has a big labor celebration Monday, aided by a \$200 appropriation by the city government.

The annual cattle show of the Essex County society will be held at Haverhill the 18th, 19th, and 20th.

Judge Bond will open the September term of the Superior Court at Salem, Monday. No business will be transacted until Tuesday as it is a legal holiday.

Canton Nemo of Albany was entertained by Salem Odd Fellows, Monday evening and Tuesday forenoon.

Many Essex County Knights of Pythias were in Washington this week attending the parade.

Many Years of Matrimony.

Mr. and Mrs. Stone of 133 Washington street, Lynn, celebrated the 62d anniversary of their marriage Monday, at their home, and the members of their family and many friends called during the day and evening to offer congratulations and small tokens of memory for the aged couple. Both are in excellent health, and enjoyed the occasion very much.

Mr. Stone is a native of Lynn, and was born in 1811. He was one of the first constables under the old town of Lynn government and was for a time janitor of the old Lyceum hall. He was also a member of the board of health at the time the cholera raged in the workhouse in the 40's. He has also been a coroner, city marshal, deputy marshal and for many years was janitor of the old Methodist church that stood where Lee hall now stands.

Mrs. Stone was also born in Lynn the same year as her husband. Mr. Stone is the father of William Stone, the present superintendent of Pine Grove cemetery.

An anniversary of this nature is a rare event.

Local Politics.

The political parties will hold but one caucus this fall, under the new caucus law, and all the delegates will then be nominated, also a candidate for the legislature and a new town committee will be chosen, each party doing all the business which has heretofore required two or three caucuses, on one night. The Republicans will renominate Representative Quint for a second term and the Democrats are looking over the field. Mr. Carroll can have the nomination again if he wants it, and it is said that he would poll more votes than he did last year because the Republican candidate is not so strong as he was a year ago.

In case of his declining to run a possible candidate for the nomination is W. A. Galeucia of South Peabody, for several years a member of the board of selectmen. —[Peabody Cor. News.]

One Amesbury candidate for the republican nomination for County Commissioner has been brought forward. If faithful service in the interest of one's party counts for anything, Mr. Garland should receive strong support. —[Amesbury News.]

During the past few days word has come from several towns in this vicinity that they would support the name of John M. Garland of this town for republican candidate for County Commissioner, Amesbury has never had a County Commissioner and there is no reason why we should not have one. Mr. Garland would make a strong candidate before the convention and it is hoped that he will allow the use of his name. —[Haverhill Bulletin.]

Children Cry for
Pitcher's Castoria.

Everything connected

with Butter

—churns, patters, tubs, firkins—ought to be washed with Pearline. That gets at the soaked in grease as nothing else in the world can. Things may seem to be clean when you've washed them in the usual way; but use Pearline, and they really are clean. It might make all the difference, sometimes, between good butter and bad. Wherever you want thorough cleanliness, or want to save your labor, the best thing to do is to use Pearline.

Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, be honest—send it back. JAMES PYLE, New York.

SHORTHAND.

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No. 1 BEACON ST., cor. of Tremont Street, BOSTON, MASS.

This College is the most conveniently located of any for persons coming in at the Northern Depots. The instruction is unsurpassed and the College has been noted for years for the thoroughness of its work.

It is endorsed by leading educators and business men and no other college of its kind in New England can show an equally strong endorsement.

The instruction is individual and is adapted to the need of each student. While the rates are no higher than others, the location and accommodation are better than those possessed by other colleges.

The regular fall term begins Tuesday, Sept. 5, 1893, but students are received at any time.

Send or call for circular.

OBITUARY.

John S. Torr died at his residence on Washington street Monday forenoon, after a long illness, of consumption. He has been about most of the time during his sickness, excepting the last five weeks, when he was confined to the house and for some time to his bed. He was born in Peabody September 3, 1828, his father being the late Andrew Torr.

He learned the tanning business and followed his trade for some years, when he was appointed an Inspector in the Boston Custom House, where he remained until a change in administration resulted in his removal, after which he was engaged in the leather business and has been connected therewith, in some way or other until within a few months. His latest connection with the business was that of broker of hides and leather.

He was a staunch republican and formerly took an active part in politics. He was a member of Jordan Lodge F. & A. M. He leaves a widow, and eight children.

Moses Wingate, a brother of the late James R. Wingate of this town, died at San Jose, California, just three weeks after the decease of his brother. He was not personally so well known here; but leaves a widow who went from this vicinity to California some years ago, Miss Abbie Phelps, bookkeeper at Bushby & Johnson's and Samuel Trask's for several years.

Frank Reed died at his residence on Lynn street Tuesday of heart failure, at the age of 37 years.

Deceased was a son of the late William W. Reed and was born in Peabody. He was a shoemaker by trade and has worked for Warren Shaw & Co., of late. He was in his usual health until a week before his death and was not at any time considered dangerously ill.

He leaves a widow and one son, his widow being a sister to Mrs. Otis Williams who died about two weeks ago.

He was a member of Ship Rock Lodge, New England Order of Protection of this town.

The funeral will take place from the church at South Peabody at 2.30 this afternoon.

The committee of the Sons of the Revolution has secured as complete a list as possible of the names of the soldiers who fought in the war of independence, and the locations of their graves. It is its intention to have every grave in the state marked in a suitable manner. The tablets cost \$1, and the society has petitioned towns and cities in which are interred the remains of revolutionary soldiers to appropriate special funds for the purchase of the tablets. Many cities have complied, and it is expected that others will accede to the modest and patriotic request.

Irving W. Larimore, physical director of Y. M. C. A., Des Moines, Iowa, says he can conscientiously recommend Chamberlain's Pain Balm to athletes, gymnasts, bicyclists, foot ball players and the profession in general for bruises, sprains and dislocations; also for soreness and stiffness of the muscles. When applied before the parts become swollen it will effect a cure in one half the time usually required. For sale by G. S. Curtis, Druggist.

Wm. Webber
& Co.

The sudden incoming of Autumn before you've done thinking of summer things, quickens the call for gloves a little heavier, stockings and underwear a little thicker, and a general transformation of all wearing apparel.

We anticipate these sudden changes by getting the stock of necessary things ready weeks before all possible need, and that makes it easy for us to provide for frosty days or hot days, whichever way the thermometer happens to jump.

The middleweight goods are forward today. They're the sort you're looking for, and it isn't to their disadvantage that the prices are way inside the limit of reasonableness.

The 50c line for example; White and grey mixed a dollar a suit. You can pay two dollars for a finer one, and so on up to the limit of goodness.

The Hosiery story deserves a column of itself, an enormous line for men, women and children, including the famous "Onyx" which is hirable at no other Salem store.

W. G. Webber & Co.,

238 and 240 Essex Street,

94 Washington Street,

SALEM, MASS

ARTHUR W. SIM,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

80. DANVERS BANK BUILDING,

PEABODY.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U.S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE



Mr. Elias Dewitt

After the Grip

My son was left weak, stomach and lungs affected, could not eat or sleep. Hood's Sarsaparilla restored his strength and made him better than for years. It also cured my daughter of impure blood and large running sores. Mrs. E. A. Dewitt, Box 148, East Berlin, Connecticut.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills are prompt and efficient.

LOCAL LINES.

School opens Tuesday.

Labor Day will not be celebrated to any great extent in Peabody, Monday.

Mrs. Barnes and her daughter Edith are at Quincy.

Spence & Peaslee's fall term opens Tuesday for business training.

William Busted won a 100 yards dash and \$5. from Patrick Flynn, on Elm street, last Saturday evening.

Mrs. Etta Dow has purchased an estate on Hanover street, Lynn, and will remove thither.

George S. Curtis has purchased the lot of land at the corner of Munroe and Elm streets and will erect thereon his future abode.

Patrick Cahill has purchased the John Rust place near the juncture of Wallis and Tremont street for his own occupation.

Rev. George A. Hall returned with his family from his vacation trip Tuesday. He will occupy his pulpit tomorrow.

The new fire alarm box 63 has been located at the residence of Walter Nourse, near Proctor's Crossing. It will be tested some day next week.

Samuel C. Larrabee has been rusticated at Peek's Island in Portland harbor this week. The annual reunion of his war regiment was held there.

Superintendent of Schools Gifford moved his household belongings into the Ernest Porter house on North Central street this week. The house is just completed.

Bobby Osborne and Charley Potter, had quite a scrap on Celler street, Monday. Bobby held the championship and would have completely done up his man if the scrap had not been interfered with, he says.

If you wish to attend Burdett College this fall you should send in your name at once, or you may have to wait for a vacancy on its rolls, as a waiting list is sure to come in the near future.

Miss Eliza Foster of Wakefield has been elected principal of the Endicott school in place of Mrs. Sanborn, whose resignation we chronicled recently. Miss Foster has been a teacher in the training school in Dover, N. H., and is especially well recommended for primary work. She has, however, declined to accept.

Dean's Rheumatic Pills absolutely cure rheumatism & neuralgia. Entirely vegetable.

D. P. McCarthy vacated his store on Main street this week to give the carpenters and painters a chance to refit it. He is continuing his fire sale in Red Men's building, Tapleyville, and will return to Peabody a week from Monday and reopen with a new line of goods throughout. Not a scrap of his old stock will be on his counters.

Sylvanus L. Newhall returned to his desk in the Warren National Bank yesterday, after an absence of about ten months, caused by a fall on the ice last winter, by which his leg was broken and afterward amputated.

Miss Sallie Sanger is expected to return today from Waltham, where for the past month she has been a guest in the families of Deputy Sheriff John Tolman and Bradshaw Tolman, the latter a large real estate operator in that locality. Miss Sanger has spent an enjoyable month amidst the gaieties of the crust of society and returns refreshed and invigorated, to take up anew her classes in dancing, which were so successful last season. She will, we understand, conduct an advanced class or classes in addition to her juvenile class.

Clarence J. Messer returned to Peabody this week from Portland, Oregon. He reports business in Oregon at a dead level, and in Salt Lake, Omaha, and other large western centres he found it no better upon his recent visits. He has been in Oregon five years and during his residence there has been engaged in journalism upon the leading daily of Portland. He will probably not return to the west.

Book Cabinets are cheaper than ever before. At Paine's Furniture Ware rooms in Boston, a double cabinet built of solid oak, with glass doors, Colonial moulding, galleried back, and five shelves, carrying 175 volumes, is offered at only \$13. Why not secure one?

John F. Moore and wife and Richard E. Smith and wife have gone to North Conway to pass their vacation.

Shea's factory on Grove street will be equipped with electric lights furnished by the town plant.

Peter J. Frye removed to his residence on Central street yesterday—the former Reed domicile.

Mrs. Carrie (Bomer) Hoag is reported critically ill and her life is despaired of by her friends in Springfield, where she now resides.

M. T. Ray is in Washington, D. C., attending the national K. of P. encampment.

E. S. Plaisted of Revere formerly of Peabody is the proud father of a 9 pound boy. The little fellow has been visiting with his parents two weeks.

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL.

PALACE THEATRE

Next Monday being Labor Day, the management of the Palace Theatre has determined to celebrate it in a fitting way and for the week has prepared what will prove to be the most novel entertainment ever presented.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE

Louis Aldrich in "My Partner" a conjunction of names known in every household in America, and a favorite with the theatre going public, is the attraction at the Grand Opera House commencing with a matinee on Labor Day. Mr. Aldrich will appear in his original role of "Joe Saunders" a part he has made famous, and which is accepted by critics as the leading character creation of virile Americanism on the stage.

BOWDOIN SQUARE THEATRE.

Beginning Monday evening, the Bowdoin Square Theatre offers one of the most attractive plays, "The Span of Life."

In New York, Boston, Washington and Philadelphia, "The Span of Life" has been played to enormous houses. The mechanical effects are something marvelous and have the merit of originality. Nothing like the human bridge has been attempted before and it is not to be wondered at that the play created such a sensation. It was originally produced in London, a little over a year ago, and is still running successfully there. The original American cast will be seen here, as will all its original scenery and its mechanical effects. The New York Herald says: "Scenery vivid in its realism of pictures and perfect throughout in the clock work machinery of its progress. 'The Span of Life' returns to the Grand Opera House, more powerful, more successful and more popular than ever. The audience that filled every available portion of the house, found vent in their applause for their admiration as certain after curtain fell upon the highly sensational and thrilling bits of climatic action. The lighthouse on Coffin Rocks on the Devonshire coast with an angry sea outside, the fog bells ringing in the distance and a ship with all sails set from out of the fog comes sailing up to the ledge, is a bit of realism that leaves the spectator thrilled and astounded. The crowning feature, however, is the 'Span of Life,' or bridge of human bodies formed by three men across a deep chasm with a roaring cataract beneath, over which the heroine and her child cross in safety. 'The Span of Life' will create a sensation here, first because it is a novelty, next, it is presented by a great company with original scenery and mechanism. There will be matinees on Wednesday and Saturday. William A. Brady will produce at the Bowdoin Square Theatre this season, a brand new play which is founded on the late Chilean troubles.

MAINE FAIR.

The Maine state fair will be held at Lewiston, Sept. 1 to 7, inclusive.

The Boston & Maine railroad will sell round trip tickets to the fair grounds including admission coupon, good Sept. 1 to 7; returning, good until Sept. 8, inclusive.

Denunciation in the Family.

Mary Desha, sister-in-law of Colonel Breckinridge, has published an address to the men and women of the congressional district, giving him a terrible arraignment. She calls for his defeat in the name of decency and morality.

John G. Mauger Editor of the *Sunbeam*, Seligman, Mo., who named Grover Cleveland for the Presidency in Nov. 1882, while he was Mayor of Buffalo, N. Y., is enthusiastic in his praise of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. He says: "I have used it for the past five years and consider it the best preparation of the kind in the market. It is as staple as sugar and coffee in this section. It is an article of merit and should be used in every household."

For sale by G. S. Curtis, Druggist.

Education & Employment



Reopens September 4th.

A thorough and practical course of study in

BUSINESS AND SHORTHAND.

Preparing young people to earn their own living. Individual instruction; positions for pupils; experienced teachers. Our record of

54 YEARS AND 29,000 PUPILS

Speaks for itself. Prospectus free by mail or at office.

GOMER'S COMMERCIAL COLLEGE,

666 Washington St., cor. Beach,

BOSTON, MASS.

SUICIDE AT SOUTH PEABODY.

An Inmate of the Almshouse Ends His Life by Drowning.

Residents of South Peabody near Craig's pond were startled Sunday morning to know that a man had committed suicide in their midst.

About 8.10 Marion Ozeko, H. E. Merrow and John C. Collins heard cries for help, and running to the pond were met by Warren Gifford, a resident of Lynnfield, who said a man was drowning.

Ozeko quickly took off his clothes and jumped in. He succeeded in getting hold of the man and swam across the pond with him.

In the meantime Collins and Merrow managed to get a plank which Ozeko put under the man's head, but he had still life enough in him to duck his head several times.

They managed to get him ashore and everything was done to save his life, but he died in a few minutes.

The deceased was Samuel Patterson of Lynnfield, who had been boarding at the Peabody Almshouse.

It seems Gifford was taking an early morning ride and Patterson requested a ride also. Gifford drove down Lynnfield street and Patterson expressed a desire to see the Vaughn Machine Works. Coming to the pond, he got out of the buggy, took off his hat and coat, jumped in and walked toward the center of the pond, with his head under water.

He was about 74 years of age and leaves two sons and two daughters. He was a wheelwright by trade and had worked up to about a year or two ago. No reason can be assigned for the rash act, as he was considered sane.

His son arrived from Maine to take charge of the remains, which were interred at Lynnfield.

Newspaper Enterprise.

Here is the Herald's description of the fifteen year old murdered girl: "Her hair was dark brown, her eyes of the same color, and her complexion was clear. Her hair was long and wavy; her teeth white and regular, and her lips delicately chiseled. The 'cut' of the girl, published on the first page of the same paper, represents a North End Moll of about thirty, with a fighting cut on her hair, a broken nose, sour mouth and deep lines of dissipation on her face. Evidently 'the greatest paper in Boston' has run in a cut of an old police court rounder for that of a little country schoolgirl and this, we suppose, is 'newspaper enterprise.'" [Malden Mail.]

Town Light.

The town of Wakefield is now operating its own electric lighting plant, and thus far results are eminently satisfactory. Wakefield was the first town in the state to take advantage of the new law allowing towns and cities to acquire the property of existing lighting companies within their borders. The town now intends to have the best lighted streets in Massachusetts. The first place to be benefited is beautiful Wakefield Park, in which a half dozen additional lights are placed.

While in Chicago, Mr. Charles Kahler, a prominent shoe merchant of Washington and Hollis street, Boston. Des Moines, Iowa, had quite a serious case of it. He took such a severe cold, that he could hardly talk or navigate, but the prompt use of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy cured him of his cold so quickly that others at the hotel who had had the cold followed his example and had it cured in a few days.

They were profuse in their thanks to Mr. Kahler for telling them how to cure a bad cold so quickly. For sale by G. S. Curtis, Druggist.

Representative Bennett's Misfortune.

The barn, sheep shed and contents, including 45 tons of hay, a ton of feed, three cows, two horses and farm implements in Freedom, Me., owned by the late F. P. Bennett of Everett, Mass., were struck by lightning Sunday morning and destroyed. The loss is estimated at \$5000; no insurance.

PROBATE NOTICE.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

ESSEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of HENRY TILTON, late of Peabody, in said county, yeoman, deceased.

Whereas, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for probate, by Arthur F. Poole, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Salem, in said County of Essex, on the seventeenth day of September, A. D., 1894, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

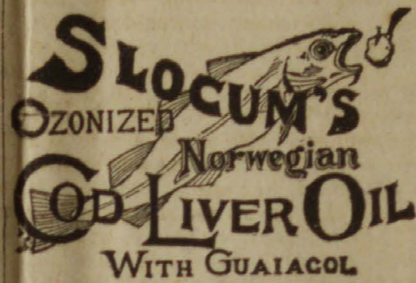
And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the PEABODY PRESS, a newspaper published in Peabody, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, KOLLIN E. HARMON, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this third day of August, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-four.

J. T. MAHONEY,

Register.

84-94-31.



Perhaps you don't know what Guaiacol is, but you know something of creosote as a remedy for indigestion and other diseases. Well,

Guaiacol

is a refined form of creosote, and is made from the resin of beech trees. It stimulates a languid appetite as the air of the woods does. As long as they can and will eat, consumptives can fight their disease. That is why Guaiacol is combined with ozone, a very active form of oxygen, in Slocum's Ozonized Norwegian Cod Liver Oil.

Send for Book on Ozone, mailed free. Prepared by T. A. Slocum Co., New York.

Vacation Over.

The schools will reopen Tuesday with full ranks and the following new teachers: John M. Nichols of Greene, Maine, Principal of the High School, Misses Lillian M. Tadbury and Minnie Joseline assistants; George H. Galger of Chelsea Principal of the Wallis, Miss Minnie Es Lizzie H. Coffin Principal and Ida Burnham first assistant of the South. Miss Mary L. Patrick will have charge of drawing in all schools.

Miss Carrie A. Nutter of North Beverly who has been an organizer of kindergartens in Wilmington, Del., has been elected Principal and Miss Juanita P. Machado assistant of the kindergarten at the Wallis school.

This department will not open for two or three weeks, and will take children from 4 to 6 years to the number of 50, if so many apply. If not, the age will be lowered to 3 1/2 years. Mrs. Beckett's room will be used for this department.

The kindergarten is paid for out of the Wallis fund, which was left by Denison Wallis, a native of Ipswich, who moved to this town when a young man, and after serving in the Revolution in the quota of Danvers, engaged in a prosperous business here and died in August 1825. He had no children, but took great interest in school matters, and in his will bequeathed \$2000 in trust for district number one, which is now the Wallis district. This fund has been used principally for evening schools. The income has increased the original principal.

Mrs. Sarah Pollock, wife of Dr. George S. Osborne, died suddenly Wednesday after a very brief illness.

Deceased was 52 years of age and leaves two daughters and one son to mourn her untimely demise.

She was a lady of many virtues and will be mourned by a large circle of friends.

The funeral occurred Thursday afternoon.

D. P. McCarthy has purchased the large millinery store at the corner of Washington and Hollis street, Boston.

McCarthy will take charge of the store.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. We have cured many cases of Catarrh of the bladder, and believe in perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm. West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Walding, Kinnam & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. The Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.



for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach."

CARLOS MARTIN, D. D., New York City.

New York City.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

FASHIONABLE

Spring and Summer Suitings, Pantaloon Goods, Fancy Vestings

AND Light Overcoat Cloths.

JAMES HOWLEY, TAILOR.

THOMAS BLOCK, PEABODY SQ.

F. L. SEARS, A HARDWARE STORE

— FOR NEARLY —

SOLE AGENT FOR THE

EIGHTY - YEARS.

215 Essex Street, Salem.

A complete line of

Paints, Oils, Varnish, Glass,

Forest River Pure Lead a Specialty.

Colors ground in oil at bottom prices.

Brushes of all kinds at wholesale.

LANTERNS AND BASKETS.

A good assortment of Lanterns.

A big variety of Baskets.

A BUILDER

Can buy Hardware, Nails, Paper, etc., from us at a very low price. Send in your orders for us to figure on.

See our line of Front Door Trimmings.

A MANUFACTURER

Can buy of us at jobber's prices—Lacing, Emery, Clearing Stones, Aprons, Mittens, Knives, Tenter Hooks, Brushes, Sponges, Gum, Glue, etc.

Salem Hardware Co.,

215 Essex St. 1 Derby Sq.

J. W. Thompson,

THE TAILOR,

Wishes to call the attention of his customers and friends to his recent purchase of

NEW

Spring and Summer

GOODS!

COMPRISING

German and Scotch Suitings.

Also a select stock of

PANTALON GOODS, from \$6 to \$10.

Largest Stock in Essex County. Free cash work guaranteed.

J. W. THOMPSON, The Tailor,

248 1-2 Essex St., Salem, Mass.

FROM 2 to 4 cts.

PER FOOT

WILL BUY

GOOD

HOUSE

LOTS

ON

HOME STREET,

ALSO

Good Mason's Sand For Sale.

APPLY TO

H. A. BESSE,

73 Washington St., Peabody.

What can be found at the

Central Fish Market.

OYSTERS, LOBSTERS

AND CLAMS

Ocean, Lake and River Fresh Fish.

Cape Ann Turkey, Fibred brand of

Boneless Cod. Smoked Salmon,

Smoked Halibut. Halibut

Fins. All at the lowest

prices.

R. F. DODGE, Prop.

The Best Time YOU EVER SAW

to wire your house for electric lights is when your carpets are up to clean house.

Find out from any that are using it, how nice the electric light is.

Drop a postal to me and I will come and see you about it.

H. P. HUTCHINSON

5 Lowell St. (basement), Peabody.

A Full Line of the

Famous "D K" Lamps.

THE ODELL

TYPE WRITER.

\$20 will buy the ODELL TYPE WRITER with 78 characters and \$15 for the SINGLE CASE ODELL warranted to do better work than any machine made.

It combines SIMPLICITY with DURABILITY, SPEED, EASE OF OPERATION wears longer without cost of repair than any other machine. It is NEAT, SUBSTANTIAL, nickel-plated, perfect and adapted to all kinds of type writing. Like a printing press, it produces sharp, clean, legible manuscripts. Ten or ten copies can be made at one writing. Any intelligent person can become an operator in two days. We offer \$1,000 to any operator who can equal the work of the ODELL (AS) ODELL.

Reliable Agents and Salesmen wanted. Special inducements to Dealers.

For Pamphlet giving inducements etc., address

ODELL TYPE WRITER CO.

359-364 Dearborn St. Chicago, Ill.

CONNOR & TRACEY,

Proprietors of Foster St. Market.

Announce a fine line of

BUTTER,

From the best dairies. Also celebrated

Oak Hill Creamery Butter

A SPECIALTY.

Meats and Vegetables, Spices, Teas

and Coffees in Great Variety

INSPECT OUR GOODS.

Boston & Maine Railroad.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT, July 1, 1894.

WESTERN DIVISION.

South Reading Branch. Trains leave Peabody for Boston at 7:30, 9:00, 10:37 A. M., 2:06, 4:36 P. M.
Leave Boston for Peabody at 7:40, 11:10 A. M., 3:10, 4:15, 5:55 P. M.
Trains leave Peabody for Lowell and Lawrence via Wakefield Junction at 10:37 A. M., 2:03 P. M.
Trains leave Peabody for Lowell at 7:06, 11:41 A. M., 4:42, 6:07 P. M.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Trains leave Peabody for Salem and Boston at 6:41, 7:25, 8:02, 8:30, 9:31, 10:37 A. M., 1:55, 3:15, 4:03, 5:08, 6:04, and 6:52 P. M.
Trains leave Boston for Peabody at 6:05, 7:30, 10:35, 12:00 A. M., 2:15, 2:50, 4:00, 4:40, 5:15, 6:10 and 11:20 P. M.

LAWRENCE BRANCH.

Trains leave Peabody for Andover and Lawrence at 7:06, 11:41 A. M., 4:45, 6:07 P. M.
Trains leave Peabody for Danvers at 6:21, 7:05, 9:05, 11:41 A. M., 12:35, 3:01, 3:37, 4:45, 5:21, 6:07, 6:57, 12:17 P. M.
Trains leave Peabody for Middleton at 6:21, 7:05, 9:05, 11:41 A. M., 3:37, 4:45, 6:07 P. M.

ADVICE.

Every patriotic citizen should give his personal effort and influence to increase the circulation of his home paper which teaches the American policy of Protection. It is his duty to aid in this respect in every way possible. After the home paper is taken care of, why not subscribe for the AMERICAN ECONOMIST, published by the American Protective Tariff League? One of its correspondents says: "No true American can get along without it. I consider it the greatest and truest political teacher in the United States."

Send postal card request for free sample copy. Address Wilbur F. Walcott, General Secretary, 135 West 23d St., New York.

GOING ABROAD.

The other shore—she sails to that
And leaves me here alone, whereat
I sigh in vain and let a tear
Slip down my cheek. Another dear,
However, still is left me at

The old stand, and I hang my hat
Up there until she come, whereat
I much rejoice. Sometimes, I fear
The other shore.

Ah, me, I talk but through my hat
When I begin to talk like that.
And still I have a doubt and fear,
And hope presents but little cheer,
Yet if I'm left I'll take for that
The other shore.

—Detroit Free Press.

THE RAY'S WORK.

Of all the beautiful things in this beautiful world there was none that the little ray loved so well as the summer sea. He and his comrades would play by the hour together with the rippling wavelets, darting from one to another in dazzling, mad flashes of light, spreading themselves over the waters, a sheet of molten gold, till a touch of the wind's light lips broke it up into a thousand shimmering fragments. And the waves loved their playmates, too, and each, as the rays kissed it, became itself a little golden sun, sending forth its light into the radiant air, for the sea, like a fickle, lovable woman, answers back to all in their own moods and is loved just because she cannot be trusted. Then, where the waves broke on the golden sands or round the clean, dark rocks, the little rays would fill their foam with light till it shone more brightly white than the Jungfrau's crest, and the music of the waves breaking was a joy song for their own loveliness. Laughing, they ran up the smooth sand and embraced with teasing play the small pink feet which scampered away before them, while the sun's rays flashed from their surface to meet the light, brighter still, which shone from children's eyes. Oh, those were happy days, and as the little ray danced along over the waters he hoped that they never might end.

But a time came when the voice of the wind sounded from afar. The sea heard it and was troubled to its depths at the new life of power and strength which was tearing within it, while the wavelets far and wide raised their tiny crests, and in ripples of white foam whispered the news one to another. The clouds, too, heard the voice and gathered together at its bidding to spread themselves a thick, dark curtain over the sea and hide from the sun's face the things which were to be. And so the little ray could visit the sea no longer nor join any more in sport with his favorite playmates. At this his heart was very sad, and he took no delight in the other pleasures to which his comrades called him. They told him of the wild games they played with the wind shaken leaves of the forest; of the snow cold peaks which they crowned with dazzling splendor of jewels; of fog laden valleys filled with dream forms of weirdest, strangest loveliness; of mysteries of beauty revealed midst the world's most squalid dreariness. But it was all in vain. The little ray longed for his lost playmates and would care for none of these things.

As he wandered sadly among the heavy, driving clouds, losing himself in their sullen masses, searching for some crevice through which he might penetrate, one of them pitied him. "Since you will it so," said she, "I will let you through, though I fear you will find that dreams that are past can never be dreamed again." Then she shrank back from her neighbor, and with one swift word of thanks the little ray darted down through the opening she had made.

Down he went to the sea below and there lay quivering and lost in its black gulf. Oh, what a changed world it was! Above him the tempest hurried along and shouted to the waves as it went, and the waves threw their white heads up and answered back in crashing thunders. "Death, death, and the end of all things!" passionately yelled the tempest. "Ruin!" roared the waves. "Naught is that can withstand us!" a world of darkness and tumult and terrible unrest. The little ray lay where he had lighted, tremulous and afraid, now glimmering for an instant among cataracts of rushing foam and then lost again in the dark depths of the water. "Hut!" cried the waves when they saw him. "So you are here, little ray. The world is changed since you saw it last." "Changed indeed," said the ray. "Oh, why cannot you be as you were before, my playmates?" But the waves laughed, shaking spray from their crests till the tempest caught it and whirled it mountain high in the air. "Give us the winds for playmates," they cried, "and the men's lives for our sport. Talk to us not of the wretched, spiritless days that are past. The world is worth living in now." "But you were happy then. You rejoiced in the earth's beauty and were happy," said the little ray wistfully. "Because we knew no better," they answered. "We have learned since then that there is something fairer than beauty, more glorious than joy. Oh, the rapture of fury when we raise the ship high in the air to hurl her down on the rocks beneath—the cruel rocks whom we love and linger to kiss and in fold in our soft white arms even then in the joy of that moment of power. To crush into pieces the mighty vessel with all its wealth and labor of workmanship; to scatter abroad the heavy fragments, flinging them to and fro in the very scorn of our sovereign strength; to watch men gasp in their death agony as we lift ourselves above their writhing bodies, and then to crash down and dash the life from their lips—this is power, little friend; this is power, and there is no glory in the world like the glory of power."

The ray grew chill and wan and trembled as he listened. "Is there nothing, then, left which is fair to look upon in all this waste of waters?" he cried, and he wandered dully on. Everywhere the same dark gulfs and white crested mountains mingling together in tumultuous chaos; everywhere floating fragments of wreck and the stain of earth torn from its parent shore; ruin and destruction and nothing that was fair to look upon.

Far out to sea a woman, with a child in her arms, floated alone in a small open boat. Alone they had been saved from drowning, as it seemed, but to die of hunger, and for hours they had tossed helpless at the mercy of the waves. Many a ship had come near them, but the woman's cries were not heard in the howling of the tempest, and beneath the darkened sky the fluttering rag she waved was lost in the spray which enveloped her. So the ships went on. The woman's voice grew faint, and despair was in her heart. "Let death but come quickly," she cried, "and but for my child it would be welcome—but for my child and for his father awaiting him at home. I have cried. I have prayed in vain. No help is left in earth or in heaven."

But the little ray wandered on toward her over the sea, and the woman, lifting her heavy lids, saw the coming glimmer on the water. Her breath came quicker, her pale lips trembled, her glance followed swiftly up to the patch of blue sky above, while over her death-like face and in her dulled eyes there broke a light such as the ray had never seen before. At the sight of it now he flashed back up to the heavens beyond the clouds. "Come," he cried to his comrades, "come and see, for there is something fairer than aught that has been before, fairer than the sunlit sea or than the laughter on children's lips." His comrades flocked to his call and poured down through the crevice in the clouds, widening it as they went. Then they stretched themselves, a broad path of light, from the sky above to the lonely boat, which they bathed in their soft radiance.

Across the storm driven sea, cleaving the waves asunder with stately motion, a great ship came. The eyes of those on board her, wearied with gloom, turned gladly to that bright spot on sky and sea, and turning saw the boat, saw the white face of the woman and her waving signal. So the ship altered her course, and soon the mother and her burden stood safe upon the decks.

Evening drew near. The tempest had fled now, and thus left alone the tired, gray waves, their strength failing and their fury spent, were heaving in sullen impotence to rest. The clouds, falling away from the sky, gathered themselves in soft, changing masses of vapor around the edge of the sea. The sun, sinking lower and lower, called to the rays to come. Sadly they heard the call. They bade farewell to their beloved earth in a passion of fervid color. Upon wave and cliff, mountain and cloud, they rained their glowing kisses, and earth's beauty quivered into new glory, as does a maiden's in her lover's embrace. Then they drew together, a road of golden splendor on the sea as they crowded westward after their departing king. With slow, majestic motion he sank to rest.

But the little ray hung back. He had found the cloud which had stood his friend that morning, and he waited to give her goodbye. He was filling her now with his own golden glory of light as he whispered to her of all the beauty which was in the world. Alas, she would stay with it still in the wonder of the night, the great dark peace which he never might know. He thanked her, too, in loving words and kisses till she blushed red with pleasure, and then with tender, slow reluctance he drew away from her. As he went the flush faded, passing in gentle change through every shade of russet and purple till the cloud was left alone, resting soft and gray on her twilight couch.

But the little ray was thinking of the light of hope which he had seen in the woman's eyes that day. "Ah," said he to himself, "if I could only shine like that!" And with this wish in him he lingered still in the sky beneath, coloring it a green so pure and so tender that to the woman watching from the ship's deck it seemed as if heaven's own spring were bursting into blossom in her sight. But the light lessened, and the color faded, and she remembered that it was but sun tinted vapor after all. She sighed, but the sigh left her lips in a smile, for the child laughing stretched his hands to her face. Lovingly she pressed him closer to her and drew her shawl more warmly round him. "Good night, little one," she whispered. "You must sleep now, for the day is ended. Tomorrow, when the light comes back, you shall wake again." Then she bent her head down toward his face and mingled her smiles with his in a long, soft kiss.

That was the last thing which the little ray saw before he, too, followed the sun to rest.—Pall Mall Magazine.

A Big Dress Order.

"Women play odd tricks on one another sometimes," said a smart American woman the other day, "but the queerest I ever heard of was perpetrated by one social leader in a western city upon another. They were rivals and hated each other accordingly, though outwardly they preserved the semblance of pleasant relations. Every chance that either got to give a dig at the other was eagerly seized.

"But the final and most effective stroke, after which no calls were exchanged, was delivered by Mrs. L.—. She sent out cards for a grand entertainment and then took pains to find out what Mrs. F.—, her competitor, was going to wear. A gorgeous pink broadcloth gown was the material of Mrs. F.—'s gown, it was ascertained.

"Accordingly Mrs. L.—, whose husband was in the dry goods business, obtained several hundred yards of the same identical stuff and draped the walls of all the rooms on the lower floor of her house with it. You may imagine the feelings of Mrs. F.— on arriving in her superb new frock, which she expected to make a sensation. Naturally she ordered her carriage and drove away in tears."—London Tit-Bits.

ANTICIPATING FAME.

BESANT'S PATHETIC STORY OF "PAUL THE WANDERER."

The Quiet Dignity of a Man Who Was Living For Posterity—A Pretty Little Skit Written In the English Novelist's Inimitable Style.

I knew him for several years before his death. When I first made his acquaintance, he was already an old man. He was also, as was evident from the first, a very poor man. He went about shabbily dressed. He carried biscuits in his pocket to the reading room on which he lunched or took snacks at intervals during the day. Perhaps he had dined afterward, but I always suspected his dinner to be an uncertain and a movable feast. It was understood that he was something in the literary way. I got to know him by sitting next to him day after day. We exchanged the amenities of the reading room, apologized for crowding each other with books, abused the talkers, remarked on the impudence of those who go to the room in order to flirt and so forth. When I got to know him better, I made little discoveries about him, as, for instance, that he liked a glass of beer in the middle of the day and that he would not afford the twopenny. I may say, not boastfully, that I was able to offer him this little luxury. We used to go out together for the purpose. He was good enough to take an interest in my work. He proved to have a considerable knowledge of books and gave me considerable help in this way.

One Sunday I met him in the street. We stopped to speak. He lamented the closing of the museum on Sunday. For his part, he said, he would have been reading room open every day in the week. Why close the avenues of knowledge? Why damn the fountains and springs of wisdom? So we walked and talked. He was perfectly dignified in his manner, though his great coat was so thin and shabby that one might be ashamed to be seen with him. He stopped presently at the door of a house in Elm street, Holborn.

"I lodge here," he said. "Will you come up stairs and see my hermitage?" He remembered that he called it grandly his hermitage. He led the way; the stairs were dark and dirty; he took me to the fifth, or fifty-fifth, floor. He lived in the back attic.

"This," he said, "is the cell of the clove. I live here quite retired. There are other lodgers, I believe, but I do not know them. I live here with my library in simplicity. The air is wholesome at this height."

He threw open the window and sniffed the fragrance of the neighboring chimneys. The room was clean; the furniture was scanty; there was no fire in the grate; on a shelf were about 25 books—his library. The man looked perfectly contented with his hermitage. There were no papers on the table, and he showed that he was a writer. "I do not know how he lived—certainly he did not work at the museum—but I never borrowed. In one corner stood a wooden chest. He lifted the lid and nodded and laughed.

"Ah!" he said, "now I am going to reveal a secret. You didn't know, no by at the museum knows, the people in the house don't know, that I am—what do you think?—a poet. It is 30 years since I paid for the publication of my collected poetical works. Yes, stand I am going not only to communicate this secret to your honor—in safe keeping—but to present you with a copy. There, my young friend!" He produced a thin volume. "I am Paul the Wanderer." In fact, the title page bore the legend, "Collected Poetical Works of Paul the Wanderer."

"Thirty years," he repeated. "There were 500 copies. The press received 50, the public bought four; there remained 44 I have now given you one. There remain 445. I have bequeathed them to the public libraries of the nation. Sir, you are young. You will yourself perhaps publish your poems. Remember for your comfort that it is 50 years, or two generations, for the noblest poets to take their place. Greatness—true, stable, solacefulness, not the empty applause given to an ephemeral favorite—requires 40 years at least. Go, sir! Take that! I have given you, and in after years when I am gone, tell the world that I know—Paul the Wanderer!"

After his hand in silence and left. More than 50 years have passed since he published that work. No one has spoken to me of Paul the Wanderer. But I now understood his dignity, self respect and his content. He anticipated and enjoying his future. He was living for posterity. His poverty and neglect were nothing. Vulture Besant in London Queen.

Another Mammoth Statue.

Toultor Nikolaus Geiger is putting last touches to his statue of Larssa, which is to symbolize the kingdom in the Kyffhäuser monument, to be unveiled in 1896. The Larssa appears at the end of a vestibule of an ancient castle, a steps of the throne upon which is lying like the sleeping figures of the fiers, with fabulous animals of the mythic world. Barbarossa is represented at the moment of waking from his sleep. In his right hand is his sword, left hand strokes his long beard. Contrary to all other gods of the old hero, he is here represented as an actual emperor, with the staff of a noble man. The whole is hewn from the rock, will be 30 feet high. The figure of the monarch is about 30 feet high.

Following is a list of the dates of some of the oldest colleges in the United States: Harvard, 1636; William Hall, 1693; Yale, 1700; Princeton, 1746; University of Pennsylvania, 1749; Johns Hopkins, 1774; Brown University, 1764; Dartmouth, 1769; Rutgers, 1770.

FAREWELL.

Farewell. We two shall still meet day by day.

Live side by side.
But nevermore shall heart respond to heart.
Two stranger boats can drift adown one tide,
Two branches on one stem grow green apart.
Farewell, I say.

Farewell. Chance travelers, as the path they tread,
Change words and smile
And share their travelers' fortunes friend with friend.

And yet are foreign in their thoughts the while.
Several, alone, save that one way they wend.
Farewell. 'Tis said.

Farewell. Ever the bitter asphodel
Outlives love's rose.
The fruit and blossom of the dead for us.
Ah, answer me, should this have been the close—
To be together and to be sundered thus?
But yet farewell.

—Augusta Webster.

BESSEMER ON BESSEMER STEEL.

Marvelous Quickness In Converting Cast Iron Into The Hardened Metal.

In The Engineering Review Sir Henry Bessemer has an article on the steel industry which bears his name. He reminds us that a third of a century ago Sheffield steel made from the costly bar iron of Sweden realized from £50 to £60 a ton. Now, by the Bessemer process, steel of excellent quality can be made direct from crude pig iron at a cost ridiculously small compared with former prices and in quantities which the old steel workers never dreamed of dealing with at one operation.

In lieu of the slow and expensive process of converting wrought iron bars into crude or blister steel by 10 days' exposure at a very high temperature to the action of carbon, cast iron worth only £3 a ton is, Sir Henry says, converted into Bessemer cast steel in 30 minutes wholly without skilled manipulation or the employment of fuel, and while still maintaining its initial heat it can at once be rolled into railway bars or other required forms.

The article gives a vivid picture of all that has been brought about by this revolution in a manufacture in which up to our own time there had been no change since blades of Damascus temper were wrought in the forges of Damascus and Toledo. Steel is now adapted to a thousand purposes of which our ancestors had no conception.

By way of giving some idea of the enormous production of Bessemer steel now, Sir Henry asks us to imagine a wall 5 feet in thickness and 30 feet high, like a gigantic armor plate formed into a circle and made to surround London. The inclosure so made would extend to Watford on the north side, to Croydon on the south, to Woolwich on the east and to Richmond on the west. It would contain an area of 795 square miles, and this great wall of London, weighing 10,500,000 tons, would just be equal to one year's production of Bessemer steel.

Oratory and Wit.

"A curious thing about political oratory and wit is the side light I got upon one aspect of it years ago in Buffalo." Thus Mr. Cleveland is quoted by a listener. "One morning a quaint looking old chap came into my office and said that he had read in the newspapers that I was to speak at a mass meeting the following night and wanted to know if it were true. When I told him that it was so, he revealed to me a new method of gaining oratorical distinction. He volunteered to interrupt my speech at stated intervals with a remark that should be agreed upon between us. To this interjection I was to retort wittily, and thus, as the old fellow pointed out, I would acquire a reputation as a witty speaker.

"My first impression was that he was amusing himself at my expense, but he repeated to me several things I could reply to wittily and wanted me to pay him roundly for helping me to a reputation. But I told him I was indifferent to that kind of fame, and he went away disappointed. Not very long after that I was seated on a stage listening to a speaker, when who should arise in the audience but my quaint visitor and bawl out one of the very things he wanted me to pay him for interrupting me with. The orator answered him with the same retort that I was offered the privilege of making, and the audience exploded into laughter, and I heartily joined in, but my amusement had not the same foundation, I fancy, as that of the rest of the laughers. And during the rest of the evening the old fellow made an occasional interruption from different parts of the house, and the retorts were of the same manufactured sort. I am a trifle skeptical now on the subject of witty retorts."—Cincinnati Commercial.

Collecting Astor House Rents.

Possibly it is not generally known that the Astor House block has two owners, whose relations are strained, to say the least—John Jacob Astor and William Waldorf Astor. Although the rent of the hotel itself is necessarily paid in a single check, that of the stores and offices at one end of the building is collected by the representative of one Astor, while the revenue from the other end is garnered by the representative of the other.—National Hotel Reporter.

Unjust Discrimination.

Officer Phoneygan—It's thin you're looking, Mike.

Officer O'Morphy—'Tis the fault of the chief, he hanged to 'im.

Officer Phoneygan—How's that?

Officer O'Morphy—Shure, an he put me on a beat with never a fruitstand in it, the discriminating blaggard!—Chicago Record.

Knowledge will not be acquired without pains and application. It is troublesome and deep digging for pure waters, but when once you come to the spring they rise up and meet you.

Empress Josephine owned the finest opal of modern times. It was called "The Burning of Troy." Its fate is unknown, as it disappeared when the allies entered Paris.

RECORD OF A TEXAS DESPERADO.

The Graves of His Victims Were Scattered From Dodge City to Santa Fe.

The man who told the story between the puff of his cigar was from Texas. "Clay Allison's life was a tragic romance," he began. "Clay Allison was a desperado. He lived in the Red river country in the Panhandle. His trigger finger was busiest in the early eighties. His record was 21. He boasted of it. Twenty-one dead men, whose graves were scattered from Dodge City to Santa Fe! I myself saw him kill Bill Chunk, a bad man, who shot people just for the fun of seeing them fall. The two men had no cause for quarrel. They were the prize killers of the same section of the country. It was a spirit of rivalry which made them swear to shoot each other on sight. Their friends bet on the result of their first chance encounter. They met one night at a crossroad inn in New Mexico and sat down at tables opposite each other, with their drawn six shooters resting on their laps beneath their napkins. A plate of oysters on the shell had just been set before Chunk, when he dropped his hand in careless fashion and sent a ball at Allison beneath the table. Quick as a leap of lightning Allison's gun replied. A tiny red spot between Chunk's eyes marked where the bullet entered. The dead man rolled over on the table and was still, with his face downward in the dish of oysters.

"Allison was a large cattle owner. He went on a drive to Kansas City once, and while there fell in love, married and took the woman to his home in the west to live. A child was born to them—a child whose face was as beautiful as the face of a cherub, but whose poor little body was horribly deformed. Allison loved the child with the great love of his passionate nature. In the babe's twisted and misshapen form his superstitious mind read a meaning as significant as that of the message which the divine hand wrote on the palace of the king of old in Babylon. God, he thought, had visited a curse upon him for his sins. He quit his wild ways, he drank no more. No man ever after the birth of his child fell before his deadly pistols. He was completely changed.

"In the new life which followed he devoted himself with absorbing energy to his business interests. He became rich in time. Ten thousand cattle on the Texas ranges bore his brand. A few years ago he was driving from his ranch in a heavy road wagon to town. The front wheels jolted down into a deep rut. Allison was pitched headforemost to the ground. His neck was broken. The team jogged on into the distance and left him lying there dead and alone upon the prairie."—Kansas City Times.

One of the Unknown Quantities.

There are many persons who talk very learnedly about electricity and seem to fancy that they have found out all about it that is worth knowing. In the face of ideas of this sort comes on an accident without precedent indeed, one that under ordinary circumstances would be counted impossible. A workman in oiling the machinery of a small electric fan—one used merely for the purpose of cooling the air in a business house—accidentally touched the wire and was instantly killed. The current that runs the fan is said to have scarcely power enough to give a gentle shake when touched. An electrician who has recently been making some important experiments has demonstrated that by using electricity in a certain way 50 times the current usually employed for executing criminals may be passed through the human body without injury. Is it not possible, then, that very weak currents under certain conditions may possess power hitherto unsuspected?—New York Ledger.

The Smelt.

It is the opinion of the true gourmet that of all marine panfish there is none to compare with the smelt (*Osmerus mordax*). This primary rank is its own by reason of its delicacy and delicious flavor, and when fried a light brown in very fine bread crumbs and served with melted butter there is none that disputes its pre-eminence. Its delightful flavor, however, as well as its peculiar odor is evanescent. Like the mackerel, it cannot be too fresh.

It is from its odor that the smelt derives not only its familiar but Latin name, an odor so aggressive of sliced cucumbers that, if its presence be manifest only to the sense of smell, people are often deluded into such supposition. This odor is not marked except in the freshly caught fish and disappears in the cooking, giving place, however, to a fitting resurrection of the smelt to an olfactory sense still more savory and delightful.—Market Review.

Ideal and Real.

"I love all that is beautiful in art and nature," she was saying to her aesthetic admirer. "I revel in the green fields, the babbling brooks and the little wayside flowers. I feast on the beauties of earth and sky and air. They are my daily life and food and air."

"Maudie!" cried out the mother from the kitchen, not knowing that her daughter's bean was in the parlor. "Maudie, whatever made you go and eat that big dish of potatoes that was left over from dinner? I told you we wanted them warmed up for supper. I declare if your appetite isn't enough to bankrupt your pa."—London Tit-Bits.

Proof.

"How do you know, then, that the young poet has an income apart from his profession?" asked the landlady's daughter.

"Because," was the confident reply, "he pays his rent regularly."—London Quiver.

The coldest day ever known in England was Dec. 25, 1796, when the mercury stood 18 degrees below zero in a Fahrenheit thermometer. We would call that fine winter weather in America.

Essex County G. A. R. Parade.

The arrangements for the Essex County G. A. R. parade at Manchester, Wednesday, Sept. 5, are now all completed and it is expected that there will be a large gathering of the veterans from all sections of this county, in which are located 25 Grand Army posts that are in a thriving condition.

The annual parade has never been held in Manchester, and it is understood that the citizens and summer residents and visitors of that town are already manifesting a deep interest in the occasion and evincing a disposition to contribute liberally toward helping Post 67 of Manchester in its efforts to make the day a gala one.

The route of the parade will be a short one, but the residents along the line and citizens generally will decorate their houses and stores and the public buildings.

The chief marshal is to be Colonel E. F. Cook, mayor of Gloucester, and the chief of the second division will be Comrade Joseph F. Pitman of Post 34 of Salem.

The invited guests are to be Governor Greenhalge and his executive council; Captain J. G. B. Adams, Commander in Chief, G. A. R. and staff; Wilfred Wethebee, department commander, G. A. R. and staff; Hon. W. Cogswell, United States House of Representatives; Hon. William Everett, M. C.; State Senator Sylvanus Smith of Gloucester; State Representatives Howard G. Lane, Jacob Tucker and Clarence Richardson of Gloucester; the selectmen of Manchester and ex-United States Minister to France, Hon. T. Jefferson Coolidge.

The dinner will probably be served by some well-known caterer in a large tent upon the village green, the price to comrades being 50 cents a plate.

Dinner tickets are to be procured by posts, of the treasurer, George O. Pierce of Post 50 of Peabody, and orders for them should be made on or before Aug. 31.

The per capita tax is placed at 10 cents, to be used in defraying general expenses.

A reception committee has been appointed by Post 67 of Manchester.

A. M. Bailey, a well known citizen of Eugene, Oregon, says his wife has for years been troubled with chronic diarrhoea and used many remedies with little relief until she tried Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, which has cured her sound and well. Give it a trial and you will be surprised at the prompt relief it affords. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by G. S. Curtis, Druggist.

Mrs. Mary L. widow of Moses Brown, who was burned out of house and home by moth hunters, has sold the old homestead lot and rebuilt on County street. She will occupy her new home soon.

Leslie H. Goltwaite opens today his new music rooms in South Danvers National Bank building. He has fitted up in good style and included among his furnishings a beautiful Merrill piano, purchased at Roger S. Brown's music headquarters, Salem.

Rev. J. W. Colwell and two sons were guests of O. F. Newhall the first part of the week.

A special train will leave Peabody for Centennial Grove Monday at 12.40 and return about 6 o'clock. There is also a regular train that leaves Salem at 1.25 o'clock.

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AND ALL DISEASES LEADING TO
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THE GRAPEVINE SWING.

Blithely whistling, with agile swing,
Leaps the farmer's boy to the grapevine swing.
To and fro, high and low,
Up where the winds the branches blow,
Flying down to lightly pass
Where bare feet ripple the blue eyed grass.
Up again in the sunshine free,
Back in the shade of the maple tree,
Spinning the ground with supple foot
At the well worn spot at the maple's root.
Higher; the branches strike his breast,
There are three blue eggs in the robin's nest!
Dropping, dropping, swiftly down,
With a flying glimpse of the distant town,
Back and forth in the noontide glow,
Swinging slower and still more slow,
Idly rocking in sun pierced gloom
To a tremulous pause in the vine's perfume.
Springing at length where the grasses yield,
He follows the men to the haying field.
—Mary L. Paine in Good Housekeeping.

ACID FOR MAKING SUGAR.

A Curious Process Which Has Met With Some Success In France.

A very novel method of making sugar has been patented in France by M. Pellegrini. Sugar is chemically a compound of carbon, oxygen and hydrogen in such proportions that if carbonic acid, water and certain kinds of illuminating gas could be persuaded to unite in the proper quantities the composition of sugar would be exactly imitated. Hitherto no one has been able to make sugar by mixing water with two kinds of gas, but M. Pellegrini claims to have succeeded. The apparatus he uses consists of a large block of pumice stone, cleansed by soaking first in sulphuric acid and then in water, which is set in an iron box plated with nickel inside. The length of the box is three times that of the pumice stone block, which is tightly fitted in the middle, and pipes are arranged to convey the ingredients to the empty ends of the box, as required. Two of them enter from the sides and serve to bring carbonic acid and hydrocarbon gas, while another pipe from above branches so as to reach both empty portions of the box and conveys steam. All the pipes are fitted with valve and pressure gauges.

Another pipe at the bottom of the box serves as an outlet. At first this pipe is closed, as is also the steam pipe from above, and carbonic acid is forced into one end of the box, while ethylene gas is forced into the other under equal pressure and in equal volumes. A few minutes later the steam valve above is opened and the steam forced in under the same pressure. As the gases unite the pressure falls, so that the supply of each must be kept constant. At the end of half an hour the supply of gas is shut off, the outlet pipe is opened, and one of the chambers is found to be filled with sirup containing 25 per cent of sugar.

The sirup is drawn off for refining, and as soon as the apparatus is cool it is ready for a fresh charge. The ethylene gas can be obtained by roasting rosin or grease, but M. Pellegrini's patent covers other hydrocarbons, such as petroleum products. The explanation is that the three gases are condensed in the pores of the pumice stone and there unite. —American Architect.

Antiquity of Smoking.

In the mortar of the tower of Kirkstall abbey, which fell in the year 1779, Whittaker mentions that several little "smoking pipes" were found, showing that the smoking of some herb or other was in use in England 400 years before tobacco was introduced. Dr. Petrie mentions that pipes of bronze for smoking are often found in ancient Irish tumuli. In the monument of Donough O'Brien, king of Thomond, who was killed A. D. 1627 and interred in the abbey of Corcumrae, County Clare, he is represented with a short pipe, or du-deen, in his mouth.

It may be observed that in some very ancient coal workings, which were found under Lambton castle some 30 years ago, some of these very old smoking pipes were found, and a generation or two ago not far from Lambton very poor old folks might often be seen smoking the common white flowered yarrow, a herb frequently found in country churchyards. —Newcastle Chronicle.

Hard to Please.

Mrs. Henpecker is one of those wives there is no pleasing. On the return of her husband from the city last week she greeted him thusly:

"Oh, Adolphus," she exclaimed, "how short you have had your hair cut!"

"But, my dear Angelina," replied Mr. H. meekly, "I haven't had my hair cut at all."

"Then it is high time you had," returned Mrs. H. severely. —Leeds (England) Mercury.

A Bureau of Information.

When the cook, disturbed by the fierce barking of the dog, opened the kitchen door, she observed a tramp hanging for dear life on the top of a clothes line post, with the dog jumping for him. She called off the dog, but he still hung on.

"Why don't you come down off that post?" she asked angrily.

"Don't ask me, lady," answered the tramp; "don't ask me. Ask the dog." —Detroit Free Press.

The Curse of Humanity.

Frau Schlemmiller (standing with her second husband at the grave of her first) —Yes, here he lies, the brave warrior. You would certainly not be my husband today if my dear John had not died the death of a hero on the battlefield.

Herr Schlemmiller (pensively)—Yes, war is the curse of humanity. —Zeitspiegel.

Ragamuffin, Ragomoffin.

It was first met with in "Piers Plowman" and meant "one of the demons of hell." In "Piers Plowman" they also met with "ragman"—made from "rage man"—meaning "the devil." "Ragman's roll," of Scotch origin, came into use as a slang term for a lying document or "rigmarole." —Academy.

Weber was very temperate in his habits, but insisted on drinking three glasses of wine and no more every day with his dinner.

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